

GOVERNMENT MACHINERY AND THOSE WHO OPERATE IT

George W. Evans' Record for Punctuality in the Interior Department an Example for His Confreres—Miss Cooke and Her Important Task—Mr. De Lacy Gave Up Newspaper Work for More Lucrative Position.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The following appointments have been made to increase the staff of the Bureau of Immigration:

A. P. Cunningham, of Washington, D. C.
J. L. Kennedy, of Washington, D. C.
G. R. Holland, of Elizabeth, N. J.
Frank B. Weaver.
Frederick Crane, of Greenfield, Mo.
R. L. Dodd, of Georgia.
Edward Huestis, Olympia, Wash.
J. E. Driscoll, Salem, Mass.
J. C. Hise, Rockville, Tenn.
John Able, Wisconsin.

These men were appointed to aid in covering the border line between the United States and Canada, west of Sault Ste. Marie. The following are the posts at which they will be stationed: Two at Emerson, Manitoba; two at Rosend, one at Estabon, Assiniboia; one at Elk, Alberta; one at Victoria, B. C.; one at Vancouver, B. C.; one at Huntington, B. C., and one at Cloverdale. They will all go to Montreal, though, and be assigned to their respective stations upon their arrival there.

The reports for November show that more European immigrants entered this country through the stations west of Sault Ste. Marie than applied for entrance at Montreal. Commissioner General Sargent says that with this increase to the force the line will be well guarded from sea to sea, and that it will be no easier for immigrants to gain admission by the way of Canada than through the seaports.

W. J. Howard received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of his sister, Stella, who was fatally injured in the recent railroad accident in California. She died in a hospital in San Francisco.

James Bell, of the customs division, is at his home in New York city for the holidays.

Dr. Marshall, of the customs division, is on leave until the 1st of January.

Miss Ralston, one of the most capable clerks in the Internal Revenue Bureau, who has been ill for some time, is now rapidly recovering.

A. V. Snell, of the claims division, Internal Revenue Bureau, is spending the holidays at his home in Rochester, N. Y.

The Hon. Joseph L. Miller, ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, now living at Kenova, Va., was a visitor at the bureau yesterday on official business.

H. L. Amis, the grandfather of Mr. Montgomery, of the customs division, is a remarkable man. He is ninety-five years old and hale and hearty. Next Saturday he expects to see the wedding of his great-granddaughter. Mr. Amis lives with Mr. Montgomery at his home in Falls Church. He was one of a delegation in Culpeper county, Va., to meet and welcome General Lafayette when that famous soldier traveled through Virginia. Another grandson of Mr. Amis is Dr. Cox, who is an employee of the Department of Justice.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Slack, who is in charge of the Postoffice Museum, is at his home in Virginia and will remain there until the 24 of January. He has been connected

with all the Postoffice exhibits in the various expositions in this country, including the World's Fair at Chicago and the Buffalo Exposition. He also went to the World's Fair at Paris, where the United States Postoffice exhibit was awarded the grand prize. He is at work now on the exhibits for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

George W. Evans, disbursing clerk, has been employed under the department since 1861, and has held his present position in the division of finance since 1880. These long years of service have not lessened Mr. Evans' interest in his division, but have rather added zeal. It is said that Mr. Evans rarely fails to occupy his accustomed chair by 9 o'clock, and his example proves a good one.

Emma C. Cooke, telegraph operator, has for the past twelve years regulated the department clocks for noon each working day. Miss Cooke was appointed from this city, but claims Pennsylvania as her present home. If by chance Miss Cooke forgets to press the button for the regulator and the department clocks differ with the city whistles, no one of the officials ever thinks that the telegraph operator is wrong. Quite the contrary.

Few people perhaps know that Chief Clerk Edward M. Dawson is an official of the Patent Office. But this is true. Mr. Dawson is not only a chief clerk, but also a superintendent. An additional salary is given for these duties in compensation for the extra amount of work required.

William H. De Lacy, assistant chief clerk, is what may be called a young old newspaper man. Before his active career in the Interior Department Mr. De Lacy was a journalist in the journalistic world and is well known throughout the District of Columbia in those circles.

PATENT OFFICE.

In the absence of Commissioner Frederick L. Allen, Assistant Commissioner Edward B. Moore will fill the highest chair of this office.

Percy B. Pierce, examiner of sewing machines and apparel, is ill at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Mr. Pierce has been in bad health for some time, but it is said that he is now improving.

Another examiner of the office, Francis Fowler, in charge of steam engineering, is ill at his home in Q Street, this city. Mr. Fowler has been chief of his division for twenty-six years, and has heretofore always been in good health. Friends are concerned over his condition.

George A. Wilkinson, chief of the division of building hardware, etc., has been a principal examiner in this office for a longer period than any other examiner of the present staff. Mr. Wilkinson's present appointment dates from May 15, 1868. It is needless to say that the examiner is an authority on hardware in general, and has followed the continuous growth of his art. Mr. Wilkinson has for his first assistant, John A. Darby, who is a resident of the District, and is well known here.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

The office of the Commissary General contains many expert women clerks, but few who have more knowledge of the ways of the Subsistence Department than Miss Brown, who is employed in connection with the financial division of the office. The work performed in the payment for the food furnished Uncle Sam's soldiers is exceedingly exacting and requires a technical knowledge of the forms and account blanks used by the department. Miss Brown has a knowledge of the duties of her position which permits her readily to keep pace with the great amount of work performed in the Commissary General's office.

In the absence of Commissary General Weston, Colonel Alexander, of the Subsistence Department, acts in his stead. This officer was on duty in the War Department in the days of the Spanish war, and was later in charge of the commissary department in Cuba. In his annual report, General Weston speaks in terms of unqualified praise of the work done by Colonel Alexander while in Cuba. Colonel Alexander relieved Colonel Sharpe at the War Department, the latter officer now being stationed in Manila as chief commissary of the division of the Philippines.

Dr. Ravenburg, who is the clerk in charge of the Hospital Corps division of the Surgeon General's office, himself saw many years of service as a hospital steward in the United States army in the civil war. Dr. Ravenburg came to this country from Germany and entered the army, serving with the greatest credit. His work is exceedingly congenial to him, as he takes the utmost interest in hospital stewards and all matters pertaining to the medical department of the army. Miss Lottie Botts, of Virginia, one of the most efficient clerks of Dr. Ravenburg's staff, has recently been promoted to \$1,200 a year.

Lieut. Commander John R. Edwards, U. S. N., is the right hand man of Rear Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering. Mr. Edwards is an engineer of great experience, and it was under his direction that the liquid fuel tests recently conducted in this city were carried to such a successful issue.

Commander Baird, U. S. N., is an engineer officer now on duty as superintendent of the State and Navy Department Building. Up to the present time Mr. Baird has managed to keep the building well heated, and has on hand an ample supply of coal to last for several weeks. In the department Mr. Baird is extremely popular, and is very well known to all the clerks.

BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

Sheldon Jackson, general agent of education in Alaska, and his assistant, William Hamilton, have had a progressive day in the introduction of domestic reindeer into that northern country. A very noteworthy event of the year was the securing of a number of reindeer from the region of Oia, Siberia, to cross with the existing herds.

FOUND BLACKSNAKE IN CHRISTMAS TREE

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 25.—William Jones went out into the country Monday after a Christmas tree, but was surprised to discover, coiled up in its branches, a blacksnake four feet four inches long.

He cut the tree down and captured the snake. With a split stick over its neck he brought the reptile into town alive to prove the truth of his midwinter story of blacksnakes growing on Christmas trees.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I give you, love, this Christmas Day
No royal gift of kings.
But just a faulty, human heart
That, dear, forever sings
In joy about your every charm,
In love that true will be,
Throughout each change of conscious life,
And flow of living sea.

I give you, sweet, a human love,
But holy in its purity,
My love for you, my higher part
And better self still proves to be.
What could I give you more than this?
A love that faithful ever will cling
To you, when all the joy of life
And hope of joy have taken wing.

And, too, I give you perfect trust,
No matter what the world might say.
My trust in you would be serene,
And flow on in unbroken way.
The trials of life may lie before,
Your feet may stumble on the road,
I trust you still, how could I else
When love itself is trusting's road?

The faith I give you, dearest heart,
Is like the faith that in each soul
Is felt in some unseen good,
Some heaven that is earthly goal.
No matter what the years may bring,
I know your good; I feel your truth;
I know my love is placed in right,
Although I love in days of youth.

I give you, love, this Christmas Day
The gifts that in the Christmas tale
Shine on in undiminished glow.
In light that time will never pale.
The love, the trust and higher faith—
A human heart that like the one
As babe, as priest, and victim, king,
For us our peace and safety won.

—ELIZABETH ELLICOTT POE.

ANIE RUSSELL IN A NEW PLAY.

At the National next Monday night Charles Frohman will present for the first time on the American stage, Madeleine Lucette Ryley's new play, "Mice and Men," which is chosen for Annie Russell, now in her fifth season as a star. Mr. Frohman has long been partial to Washington as a first-night city. It will be remembered that many of his most important productions were seen here for the first time. He will come to Washington to give the final rehearsals and first production of this new play his personal directions. "Mice and Men" was pronounced one of the successes of the last London season. It is announced as a pretty comedy, wholesome in story, and daintily written, and provides Miss Russell a part suited to her art. The supporting company will be the strongest Miss Russell has ever had, and will include Orrin Johnson, John Mason, John Glenning, Charles Butler, E. A. Eberle, Frank Goldsmith, T. C. Valentine, Miss Uddleston, Mrs. Glendinning, May Gayler, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. There will be matinee New Year Day and Saturday. The sale of seats opened this morning.

"Sky Farm" at the Columbia.

The country season in town is to take its recognized initiative at the Columbia Theater next Monday evening, with the production of Edward E. Kilder's new play of American country life entitled "Sky Farm," which ran at the Boston Museum for about 100 nights of last season to continuously crowded houses, and was subsequently withdrawn to admit of its imperative transfer to the Garrick Theater, New York, before the close of the season. The piece scored a run at the Garrick of nearly 100 nights.

As may be inferred by the title, "Sky Farm" is of the "Old Homestead" order, but fashioned nearer to the hour. The story is said to be drawn from life and be more plausible than the average bucolic drama.

The author, Edward E. Kilder, has written several other successful comedies, especially those in which the late Sol Smith Russell was so long and profitably featured. The cast is announced as follows: Scott Cooper, Francis Byrne, William H. Cooper, Sarah McVicker, Rose Flynn, Ralph Dean, Henry J. West, Claire McDowell, Fay Courtney, Tully Marshall, Maud Hosford, Charles Crosby, Daisy Graham, Frank Monroe, David Christie, and others.

The Choral Society.

The Choral Society gives its sixteenth performance of the "Messiah" Tuesday evening next at the Congregational Church. At each recurrent Christmas season, audience assemble in Boston, New York, Washington, and other cities to hear the familiar sounds of this great

work, which age seems to make more attractive and acquaintance more delightful. Change is introduced from year to year by new voices in the solo parts. Mrs. De Moss, the soprano, and Mrs. Dorothy Pollock, the contralto, are strangers here, the former already well known through participation in the Cincinnati Festivals, the Bach Festival, at Bethlehem, and the concerts of the New York Oratorio Society, the latter, as yet, without wide fame, but destined through the possession of a rich voice and a fine method to a future of distinction. The men, Mr. Nicholas Danty, tenor, and Mr. Ericsson Bushnell, bass, are old favorites in Washington, and their return is pleasantly anticipated.

Chase's Vaudeville.

The Burmese football players, Mounk Toon and Mounk Chet, will be presented at Chase's next week. The program will include also several exceptionally popular acts, Bert Howard and Leona Bland, Gillette's musical dogs, the world-famous Rossow midgets, Frank Gardiner and Lottie Vincent, Little Charlie Rossow, Rae and Brosche, and the beautiful and realistic colored motion pictures showing the adventures of "Little Red Riding Hood." The marvelous dexterity, nimbleness of feet, and the precision and grace of action of the two noted Burmese players is expected to arouse the astonishment and interest of the Chase audiences to a greater degree than any other act of the season, judging from reports which have followed the presentation of the attraction in the Eastern cities. In England they had the honor to perform before the King. In Burmah the game which corresponds with American football, and English cricket is called "chinnole," and resembles the Occidental sports only in the remotest degree as it is played with small wicker or glass balls, cast from one player to another without the interposition of the hands. It is this that makes the game so remarkable and so difficult, as the players attain the skill, proficiency, and muscularity which seem little short of marvelous to the Western mind. Both are completely tattooed in accordance with the custom of their country, and appear clad only in breech cloths, gowns, and queer turbans. The colored motion pictures of "Little Red Riding Hood" will be the richest treat the little folks have been afforded this season at Chase's.

"The Chaperons" at the Lafayette.

Frank L. Perley's company, which met with much success last season in Washington in "The Chaperons," and which last summer played for two months at the New York Theater, will be seen at the Lafayette Opera House during New Year week, with the same cast which interpreted it on Broadway. Instead of being a single star company,

as was Mr. Perley's Alice Nielsen Opera Company, "The Chaperons" contains a cast of lyric comedy artists, almost any one of whom might head a company of his own. Among those who have been associated with the play from the beginning, and have been retained in important roles, are Walter Jones, Ed Reddick, Albert Farrington, George K. Henery, Eva Tanguay, Trixie Friganza, Genevieve Day, Mae Stebbins, and May Boley, the young Washington contralto, and all the prize beauty chorus. The sale of seats began this morning.

"At Cripple Creek" at the Academy.

Hal Reid's "At Cripple Creek" will be produced at the Academy of Music for the week beginning Monday, December 29, with the usual matinees.

Three hours of thrilling and varied excitement are furnished by this drama, built upon the vicissitudes of Colorado life in the early eighties. Novel and startling stage sets add to the picturesque quality of the plot. Realizing that in order to present such a drama in an adequate manner it must be acted by actors of experience and ability, the management announces that it has engaged "what is undoubtedly the most

RAINS RESTRICT COAL OUTPUT 10 PER CENT

Slump in Demand for Domestic Uses Helps Out the Dealers.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—Another of the Reading collieries was temporarily drowned out yesterday. Five of the thirty-one collieries which are owned by the company, and which were working until the heavy rains are now temporarily out of business. The work of reclaiming them was vigorously prosecuted yesterday, yet it will be several days, perhaps a week, before the effects of the floods will be over.

This restricts the Reading output nearly 20 per cent. Monday but 955 cars were loaded at the mines, whereas the output immediately before the rains was about 1,200 cars daily.

By a fortunate coincidence, the demand for coal for domestic uses has slackened at the same time that the output is thus restricted. Dealers had an easy time yesterday. The demand generally slackens off just before Christmas, and dealers are looking for a compensating rush at the close of the week.

POLLOCK ENTERTAINMENT.

A Christmas entertainment was given yesterday by the children and teachers of the Pollock Kindergarten and School. The exercises marked the closing of the school for the holidays. Many guests were present and contributed to the enjoyment of the little ones.

complete and competent company ever seen in a popular-price theater."

Octoroons at the Empire.

"Smart & Williams' Octoroons," a colored organization will be the New Year week attraction at the Empire Theater. Smart and Williams, Reese Brothers, recently with Williams and Walker, Evans Sisters, Irving Jones, Mamie Emerson, and a well-trained chorus of thirty, make up the company, which also includes as an extra feature, Joe Walcott, the welterweight champion pugilist.

Gaiety Extravaganza at Kernan's.

Rice & Barton will present their "Gaiety Extravaganza" at the Lyceum Theater next week. Forty people are in the cast, thirty of whom are girls. The bill opens with a first part, chiefly specialties, entitled "Brown Among the Daisies," in which the following participate: Charles Barton, George W. Rice, J. Q. Gley, Escher Sisters, Eckhoff and Gordon, the Bell Trio, Olla Hood, Mitchell and Marion, Idylla Vyner, and many others having a metropolitan reputation. The closing burlesque is entitled "Raiding the Tenderloin."

POLLUTION OF POTOMAC RIVER WATER STOPPED

Judge Waddill Gives Decision in the Thropp Case.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 25.—The United States circuit court of appeals, Hon. Edmund Waddill presiding, yesterday held a special session for the purpose of announcing the opinion of the court in the case of Joseph E. Thropp, appellant, vs. The Harper's Ferry Paper Company. The opinion affirms the decision of the appellate court in granting an injunction restraining Thropp from washing iron ore and thereby polluting the Potomac River above the paper mill. The decision establishes the law that parties who by any means pollute streams of water may be restrained by injunction. It is final and affects the ore banks, coal mines, and other concerns which make use of the waters of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

TO GIVE "THE NATIVITY."

Stuart's oratorio, "The Nativity," will be given by the choir of the Epworth M. E. Church, Seventh and A Streets northeast, this evening, beginning at 8 o'clock. The choir, under the direction of Van A. Potter, has been rehearsing the oratorio for several weeks past and a notable performance is assured.

AN ARMY BRIDE — ROMANCE AND RIVALRY — By Lieut. JOHN LLOYD.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN YESTERDAY.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

A large part of the garrison of Fort Huachuca is out after Geronimo and his Apaches, who have escaped from the reservation. The weather is tropical. Lieutenant Becker and Kader Roman are trying to keep cool on the veranda of the former's quarters. The officer has been joking about his many love affairs. Roman has alluded to the fortune he has thrown away and to the money he has lost in his love life. Becker receives an order to meet the colonel at the railway station, where he is expected to arrive with two ladies. "Two fat old women," laughingly suggests Roman, as Becker rides away, accompanied by a squad led by Melville, an enlisted man, whom Roman distrusts, but who is useful to Becker.

CHAPTER II.

"Two Fat Old Women."

THE little train that leaves the Southern Pacific Railway at Benson and goes on its way down into northern Mexico was anything but crowded.

The cars were hot, with the sun baking from sky and reflecting earth. Over in one corner there were two Mexican girls with a young man—three types of the changing customs of the country.

One of the young women had her head and waist draped in a black embroidered and fringed rebozo, which may have belonged to her grandmother. It hid her lower face and left her smooth black hair, with its straight white division, and her low brow and black eyes, vaguely to suggest a Madonna.

If you allowed yourself to think, you knew that the figure under the draping was countless and untidy, and in a few short years would be shapeless, but it was pleasant not to think; to admire the slender brown hand that held the black folds, and the fingers covered with quaint old rings, one of which held a claw for a cigarette.

You wanted all your admiration upon one side to throw into stronger contrast your amused disgust at the daughter of Americanized Mexico. The other girl had evidently been to Los Angeles or San Diego, and was bedight with the nodes of her class. The pinched waist of bright blue, the tight yellow gloves, were vulgar to a degree, but the removal of the rebozo, and the cutting and the tight crimping of the coarse black hair, surrounded by a white sailor hat, had thrown into prominence the coarse mouth and chin, which one almost forgets is a common characteristic of Mexican women. To uncover a face that generations have worn covered is shocking. The countenance looks as though it felt itself brazen.

The young man was not sacrificing his own splendor to the heat. His Prince Albert coat was tight, and his silk hat was too precious to be removed from his head. He leaned over the shoulder of the ugly, badly gowned exponent of the new times, and evidently regarded her rebozo wrapped companion as a country dowdy.

Across the aisle sat two young girls who regarded the sight, so strange to their eyes, with every appreciation of the situation, but never thinking that they themselves contained the picture. They were dressed for the heat in cool silk blouses, their soft, well-cared-for

hair put back from their faces, and their hats off. One had thrown up her window, despite the remonstrance of her father across the aisle.

Colonel Marcy had bought an iron gray dust coat which exactly matched his hair, and he had buttoned it closely about him, because he was accustomed to closely buttoned garments. His hair stood up on his head in belittled fashion, and he had pulled a silk cap well down over it.

Even in this attire there were lines and movements which betrayed the soldier to the most casual observer. The short clipped gray mustache, the well-planted foot, and an indefinable air of command, made the officer. There were vertical lines between the keen eyes, but the lids were tent-like, and betrayed the kind heart. No one dared contradict Colonel Marcy save his own motherless child, and she so trusted to the tenderness she saw that she ruled him lightly and almost absolutely.

The heat had curled her yellow brown hair about her temples, and white neck, and brought the red blood to her lips and soft cheeks. She was round and soft and pretty.

Her cousin, who sat before her reading, seemed almost as impervious to the heat as the Mexicans. He had brought a pallor into her thin, dark face, and a deeper line of blister about her dark blue eyes, but there was none of that panting exhalation at the weather which made Mary Marcy look so warm. To Nina the heat brought lassitude, languor, and every new phase made her more beautiful.

"It makes me hotter to look at you Nina. What did you come to Arizona for if you aren't going to enjoy any of the discomforts? You'll have no stories to tell when you get back."

"I certainly did not come to find material for stories. It is too much trouble to tell the stories one already knows. I know too many."

Mary looked at her admiringly.

"I should think you would. I wish you would tell me a few. I wonder if by the time I have been out two seasons I'll have as many experiences as they say you have had."

"That is one of the stories other people tell—the fiction sort. Nothing of any consequence has ever happened to me. I wish something would."

Colonel Marcy leaned down and looked out across the mountain bordered plain, white, blinding, dotted over by cactus and dusty acacia.

"See that big adobe house over yonder? That's the Sterling House ranch house. There was a story happened there two years ago. Mrs. Black, the wife of the overcaer, her two-year-old boy, and two Chinamen were besieged there a whole day by the Apaches. They managed to stand them off, however, and killed a few, without letting them get near enough to the house to fire it. Plucky little woman, Mrs. Black."

"Papa!" Mary cried, "you don't mean to say the Indians ever come near this house?"

Colonel Marcy laughed.

"What have you been reading the papers for? Haven't I told you over and over how they burned and scalped and hung babies up on hooks—"

Mary shut her eyes and put her fingers in her ears.

"What did you bring us up here for? Why didn't you tell us?"

"I didn't bring you," Colonel Marcy said triumphantly. "You came. I didn't promise you anything in the way of safety, except that I'd always have an orderly at your back to shoot you in case the Indians were in danger of capturing you," and he went back to his seat.

"How silly you are, Maisie!" Nina said. "You know uncle is joking. There isn't any possible danger, or he would not have allowed us to come. You know that perfectly well. For my part, I should enjoy a little danger. I never had a real adventure in my life."

"Well," said Miss Marcy, with extreme frankness, "I came for fun! Ever since I have been in school I've been wild to get out to a fort, and since last June, when I rolled up my diploma, I've been 'working' papa to come. I know it is going to be lovely. But I'm looking for rides, and larks, and jolly young officers to dance with. You may have all the Apaches."

Nina looked out on the plain. She was dreaming dreams of some sort, not so material as her plump cousin's, but fancies that the strange, torrid atmosphere of the Southwest would foster.

The cars came to a standstill at Fairbank, the place where the passengers for Tombstone left them. The door was pushed open, and a straight young man, in the thin blue serge field blouse of the army, and a big Mexican hat, came in. His riding gloves were worn and soiled, and so were the long, wrinkled cavalry boots. There was a three weeks' growth of beard on his face. But while his ragged silkeness showed that it was neglected that had put it there, it did not disturb the altogether poetic look which it gave to the handsome face.

Colonel Marcy reached out his hand with all the cordiality of delighted greeting, and the young man met it almost with affection.

"It's a good sight to see you so near the fort, colonel."

"It's good luck to find you on the way, Adair. What's all this fuss I hear about old Geronimo? Why don't you bring the old bend in?"

"We need a strategist," Adair said, laughing. Colonel Marcy was known as one of the best Indian fighters on the border, but his methods were so plain and open that they had never been used before, because they were considered too simple.

"Let me introduce you to my daughter and niece, Captain Adair—Mary, and Miss Wentworth."

Captain Adair's gloves and hat were off. There was a little stiffness in his greeting upon his part. His "lady manners," as he would have said, were a little rusty. It was more than seldom that two, or even one, young lady from the East came near enough for him to speak to her. Adair had no mother or sisters to go home to, and his contact with women was of the smallest.

Half an hour later, he hardly knew how, he was saying as much to Nina Wentworth. There had been something in the expression of her sweet eyes and pale, compassionate face which had opened his heart. For the first time in

his life Adair forgot that he was with a stranger. There was in her glance a calmness, a lack of sarcasm, of irony, almost a lack of sense of humor, which took from his heart all his fear. Her expression had the gentleness that Adair felt, some way, he would have liked to have seen in his mother's face. He almost told her so, in that unusual expansiveness with which he surprised himself.

Adair was distinctively an American product. His father had been a Presbyterian minister in the hills of West Virginia, learned and narrow and poor. Adair had hoed corn in the mornings of his boyhood and studied Latin in the afternoons. When he was seventeen he had taught the country school, and when a competitive examination for West Point had been held in the neighboring town he had entered, and easily won the appointment. His father had never forgiven him for taking up the ungodly life of a soldier, and had died the following year, leaving Adair entirely alone in the world.

He had been more respected and liked than sought after at West Point. His handsome face and manly ways would have made him a favorite had he had the lightness to seek popularity, but the shyness born of his early days of solitude had never left him.

Nina had as truly forgotten everything as had Adair. At first she had seen the effect of her glance upon him. She had seen it too often not to know its meaning. It is seldom that nature endows a woman with a great weapon without showing her its power and giving it into her own keeping; but the instant and simple response, the unlocking of inner chambers of a fine nature, had touched her as nothing had ever done in her rather frivolous life.

She asked, and Adair told her, all he knew of the life of the Fort and the present trouble with the Indians. He passed lightly over any possible danger to themselves. As far as they knew now, Geronimo was over the Mexican border and hidden away in the mountains.

The train ran on; the sun began to go down over the Whetstone Mountains, leaving their jagged tops silhouetted against an amber sky, and the canyons full of purple light. The charm of that weird, barren country of hot, clear skies and crystalline atmosphere began to affect the two girls with its own silence.

When at last the little platform of the Fort station was reached, they arose and collected their belongings with almost a homesick feeling for the engine that was leaving them to they knew not what—a new and mysterious life.

Hecker, standing on the platform to greet them with his dozen soldiers and the big, yellow officers' ambulances behind them, gave one look and stepped forward.

"Two fat old women!"

From the car window a dark rebozo wrapped face watched the big blond lieutenant, anxiously awaiting some sign of recognition, some glance in her direction. When she lost sight of him his hat was in his hand and he was bowing, as she had never seen him bow, to the dark young lady she had noticed in the train.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

DEAF MUTE ABLAZE SHRIEKED FOR HELP

Her Clothes Catching Fire From Brush Girl Dies in Terrible Agony.

LAUREL, Del., Dec. 25.—Alice, the ten-year-old deaf mute daughter of Culbreth Huston, of near Hearn, was burned to death yesterday.